SAN FRANCISCO BAY CHAPTER

Yodeler

Volume XXIII, No. 12
December, 1961

AUDUBON HOPES TO SAVE RANCH FOR THE BIRDS

The Marin Audubon Society has embarked on a large-scale conservation project in Marin County to save the last remaining nesting area in the Bay district of the California Heron, both blue and white (commonly called Egret). This rookery, where the nests are built in tall trees, is in a densely wooded gully on Canyon Ranch which runs from near the crest of Bolinas Ridge down to the Bolinas lagoon, about 700 acres in all.

The ranch has been established more than a century. The fine white wooden house on it was built in 1861, and there is an ancient trail to Fairfax from this spot. It was bought recently by San Francisco businessmen who naturally regard it as a real estate investment but who are quite willing to sell and, in fact will, to their own tax advantage, donate a considerable portion of the land to the Audubon Society. However, there still remains the cost, $300,000, of approximately 500 acres which must be acquired as a unit because there is only one (a very good) source of water for the entire ranch. A complicated and advantageous deal involves options — $1000 already paid for three months, $3000 due to renew this for six months, a similar deal beyond that, and a balance to be spread over ten years at a very low interest, but with an immediate down payment of $90,000. Audubon hopes to raise this by direct gifts and by pledges for the future.

In addition to the rookery, open water in Bolinas Lagoon must be assured for the birds. A lease of fifty years has already been made to preserve the northern half of the lagoon and a small island near the outlet has also been promised as a gift.

On one of our "see it yourself" trips we visited the ranch, set a little back from the highway at the northern end of the lagoon. The fine old house is in excellent condition. We were welcomed by Mrs.

CONTINUED PAGE TWO

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE HAS 5 NEW MEMBERS

Five new Executive Committee members were elected by the Bay Chapter membership on the October ballot. The freshmen are Thelma Carder, Pete Graf, Phyllis Lindley, Doug Peterson, and Francis Walcott who join incumbents Kenneth Goodden, Margo Gwinn, Mildred Holota and Carl Weisner. They assume their duties in January, when the new officers will be selected for 1962.

CHRISTMAS PARTY IN MONTCLAIR

Festive plans for the Bay Chapter Christmas Ball include dancing to the music of Murray Peterson with spirit to make the heart glad.

The location: Montclair Women's Club — 1650 Mountain Boulevard, Oakland.

The date: December 16.

The time: 9:00 p.m.

Bob Dolan, party chairman, promises refreshments, 11:00 buffet, door prizes, and entertainments of Yuletide hue. Tickets are $3.00 per person. Please send checks payable to Dorothy Moen, 3535 Fillmore St., Apt. 201, San Francisco (WE 1-8878). Be sure to enclose a self-addressed envelope. No tickets will be sold at the door.

The old custom of pre-party parties will be revived again this year. If you would like to have a pre-party party or to attend one, in the East Bay call PAT CONE, TH 8-7458 and in the West Bay, Fronie Burnell, MI 8-7153.

HELP WANTED

The new winter schedules will be ready for mailing on Thursday, December 14. Do come and help us get them out. We work hard but we have lots of fun as well — and refreshments too. It's also a splended opportunity for new members to break the ice and get acquainted. Time and place: 7 o'clock at the club office.

QUEEN McCLOUD WINS ROUND ONE

For Sierra Club white-water river runners, the most interesting and exciting challenge takes the form of a newly discovered river, shown on a map winding its course through some remote wilderness area. Usually these areas have no access roads and, indeed, many times the river's course is through private property where the only legal access is on the waters of the river.

The would-be pioneers compile figures on the water flow in feet per second and study topo maps for the river's profile recorded as feet per mile drop. Few Western rivers have escaped their scrutiny, and the past holds stories of adventurous first descents through hitherto impassable canyons. With the same drive that motivates mountain climbers, these river runners must explore new unconquered rivers and streams. Sometimes one run is not enough because, as the water level changes, so does the river's character.

This is the tale of an October weekend adventure of three dedicated white-water enthusiasts — Roger Paris, ski instructor, Alpine guide, former double canoe world champion, and summertime student carpenter; Maynard Munger - real estate selling is his business but white water is his hobby; Bryce Whitmore — a river guide who shares the water wilderness with tourists during the summer but takes a busman's holiday in the kayak at the drop of a paddle. Their boats are narrow fiberglass shells, about 13 feet long and about 30 pounds in weight.

For years, we had been intrigued by a queen of a river in Northern California. Maps showed no access roads, but there was virgin timberland of unequaled beauty between Mount Shasta and Lake Shasta. We knew the McCloud would have to be tried some day.

The water flow was no problem because

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Sierra Club Yodeler

A publication of the San Francisco Bay Chapter. Address all communications to Yodeleditor, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4

For club members only, classified ads (private transactions), will be accepted at the rate of 35¢ per line of printed copy. The 'enterprise' rate is 70¢ per line. Persons submitting ads may compute their copy on the basis of approximately 7 words per line. Check must accompany copy. Commercial advertising is solicited. Please request rate card.

YODELER STAFF

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Subscription $2.00 per year

Next deadline: Dec. 18

Editorial Work Night: Dec. 18

Volume XXIII, No. 12 December 1961

LETTERS: BIRTH OF THE YODELER

Dear Peter:

All credit to Dick and Daisy Johnson for trying to set the record (on the birth of The Yodeler) straight, but undoubtedly years of living in Chico have dimmed their memories of what happened in San Francisco in 1937 or thereabouts.

It is true that Barbara Norris (who later became Barbara Bedayn) had a lot to do with the founding of the Yodeler - but the idea was first suggested by Raffi Bedayn at a very informal gathering in Barby's apartment of several members of the Rock Climbing Section of the Bay Chapter.

The idea was then broached at a meeting of the Chapter Executive Committee (of which I was at the time Treasurer), and the Rock Climbing Section was authorized to proceed. Dave Brower was the first editor, as you would find if you consulted the Yodeler files. Barby took over the editorship when Dave entered the Army in the mountain troops.

Charlotte Mauk certainly won the contest for naming the paper, but the prize was a weekend at Clair Tappaan Lodge - not Yosemite. Charlotte succeeded Barby as Yodeleditor.

And that's probably enough ancient history for now.

Sincerely,

John P. Schagen

FOR SALE: Man's Italian Ski Boots, size 8 1/2. Used two seasons, $12.00. —Carl or Helen Weisner, MU 5-4609

LETTER: SAFETY AGAIN

Editor, "The Yodeler":

Over these past many years I have read with a growing interest of the many accidents and incidents which have involved those of us who place mountaineering and other outdoor recreations high on our list of activities. I have heard many unusual stories and descriptions of these accidents, and especially those which have resulted in death. The descriptions appeared in The Yodeler, Sierra Club Bulletin, Journal of the American Alpine Club and a number of related publications. Many of these stories and even the so-called official reports themselves have at times been at considerable variance with each other.....

The only benefit that can be derived from an accident is the knowledge we can all gain to prevent its reoccurrence. To this end I would like to propose that the Sierra Club publish at least once a year, either in the "Bulletin" or other publication of far-reaching distribution, the complete story of those accidents and incidents which may have come to the club's attention. This reporting should not only include those accidents resulting in injury or death but also those where such injury was either prevented or minimized. As of this writing I do not know of any club publication which covers this request which I feel is long overdue.

No one can deny that these accidents are widely discussed and some information even published in newspapers, through governmental agencies, etc. But the true and total story is seldom told. The publication of authentic data on these accidents by the club would reduce these many and inaccurate ideas of the accidents to the truth and allow for education on prevention. A point in proof is the serious loss of a man while on a club outing in Washington this past summer ....almost anyone who has heard of this tragic event has a different story as to how it happened, etc....and the same may be said of a number of other past accidents....the authentic story has never been officially told to the club members...at least to my knowledge.

Respectfully,

Leonard R. Flicker

Life Member, Sierra Club

1128 McKinley Ave.

Oakland 10, California

Season's Greetings

Bird Ranch (Cont.)

McLaren, whose family is acting as custodians, and who is most interested in the birds. A trail goes off to the north of the house which climbs the ridge between two canyons and from which one can look right down into the nests when the egrets are raising families in the spring.

The main canyon is very densely wooded with redwood trees and all the associated undergrowth. A trail and firebreak road winds up to the top of Bolinas ridge. Driving along the ridgecrest road from Bolinas to Rock Springs on Tamalpais we found the upper part of the ranch is open, grassy and chaparral-covered hills. There is a fascinating wealth of bird life up there, and a most refreshing scarcity of humans. (Three cars per hour must be some kind of a traffic record.)

We saw two kinds of hawks, bluebirds, larks and a constant flight and twitter of small birds. The reserve planned primarily for the herons would benefit a very varied bird population, especially if the small strip of rough land along the ridge could be acquired to give Canyon Ranch a common frontage with the Marin Water District lands, insuring a range of hundreds of square miles of open country. Danger of strip development here appears far in the future.

Dr. Martin Griffin of Kentfield, presented the plans for this ambitious project to both the Chapter and Club Conservation Committees and received immediate recommendations that the Sierra Club endorse the project and assist it in every way possible. What can we do? We can give publicity to the project through our publications and our conservation associates, allow an appeal for financial help through our mailing lists in which each member and his friends may find a chance to share in saving the ranch, and we can provide some volunteer helpers to work with Audubon. Our Chapter Conservation Committee has already appointed Walter Rivers and Tom Schneider as a small liason committee. Tom described the project clearly to the Chapter Executive Committee on November 13th and a hike has now been scheduled to introduce Chapter members to Canyon Ranch on January 27 when the first of the nesting herons should be arriving. C.M.C.

CAR CAMPING IN DEATH VALLEY

The car camping committee is planning a week's trip to Death Valley sometime next spring.

Will anyone interested in such a trip please get in touch with Harold Sharp, 5856 Ocean View Dr., Oakland 18, or phone OL 2-5185? Please do this now!

McCLOUD (Continued)

the McCloud is formed by underground rivers and springs from the melting snows of Mount Shasta, thus assuring good water even in October. The map showed a drop per mile of from 80 to 160 feet; a drop of 50 feet usually means a very interesting river.

But we couldn't resist. It might be a steady drop instead of rapids and pools of still water that accounted for the rapid descent. There would be only 42 miles of river and we could walk that far in three days, couldn't we?

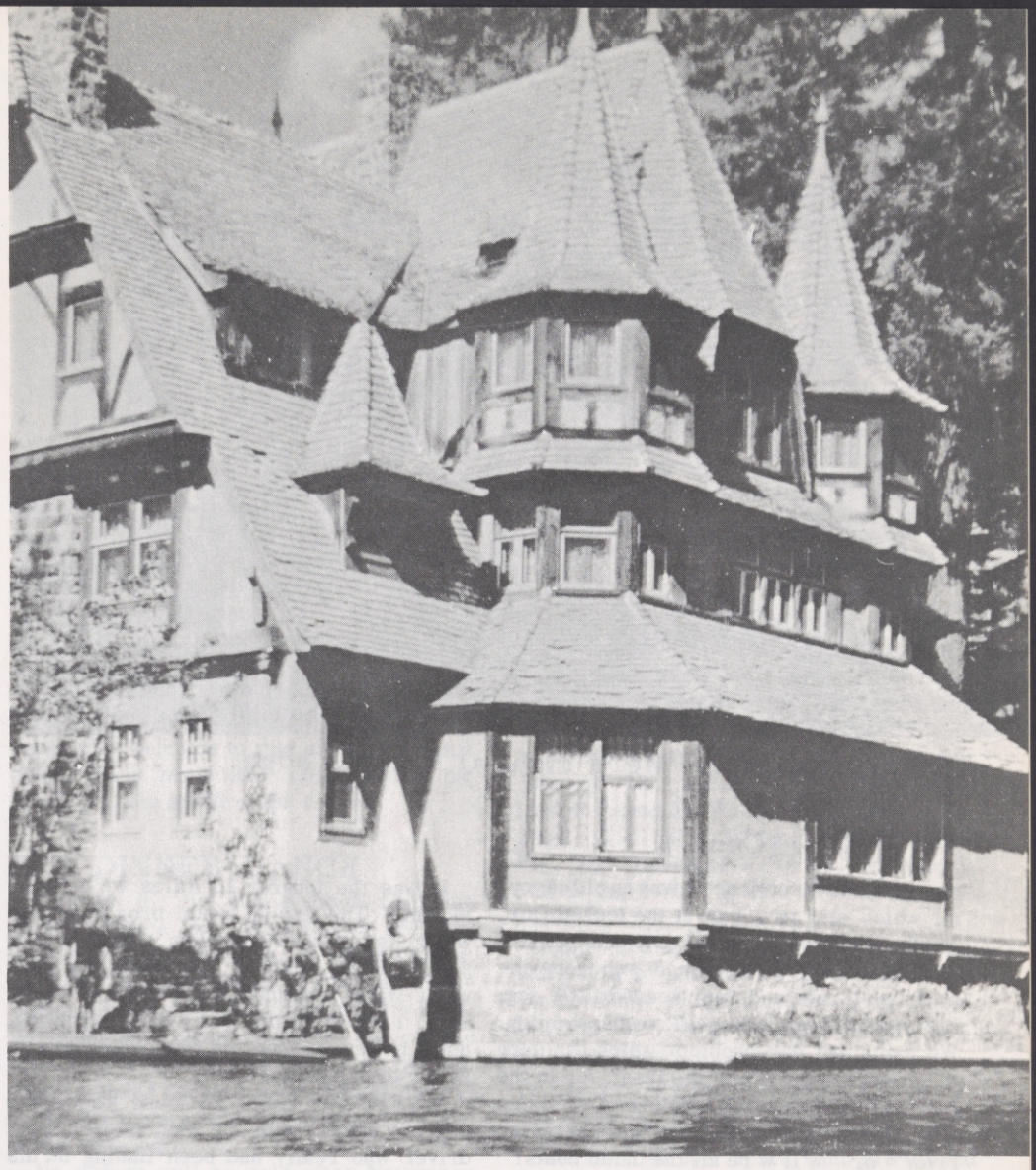
So we organized equipment and bought lightweight foods for three days. The problem of how to have our car at the end of the run was solved by Forest Service personnel who volunteered to drive the car shuttle on off-duty hours.

We headed our kayak-laden station wagon north on Friday afternoon. Our first pleasant experience came as we were getting gas. Another customer was inquisitive about the boats and as we told of our intentions for the trip and of past experiences, he transferred the conversation to a table at the Nut Tree restaurant where we met his wife, heard of their wide and interesting travels, and were treated to a fine Nut Tree dinner. We were very happy to have such a fine new friend.

We pushed on to the North and arrived very late at the Shasta Ranger Station where they were still waiting up for us. We are very appreciative of the rangers' help on this trip for they supplied sleeping quarters twice and a hearty breakfast as well as the shuttle driver.

We arrived at the McCloud above Big Springs at about 10:30 a.m. The Queen was all we expected — a beautiful clear stream, a bit small here because the big spring downstream supplies most of the river's waters. The banks were covered with beautiful trees and brush rich in their fall colors. But we were not to have more than an occasional glance at the beauty, for the next few hours kept us very busy searching out rocks in that bouncing river. This was the easy 80-foot-per-mile section, yet we were fighting for control, dodging, bracing, even tipping over only to roll back up, Eskimo-style.

Soon a large fallen tree gave us time to rest, for it had blocked the entire surface of the river. We had to portage. Only then did I discover that, in the excitement, half of one paddle blade had broken away and was missing. This was serious, but worse, we had only one extra paddle and had gone only 3 out of 42 miles. With the replacement we continued, though a bit more cautiously. Suddenly, as we rounded a bend in the river, it was as though we had been transplanted to a beautiful continental river, lined with medieval castles, for on the banks of this McCloud - as far as we could see ahead - were European style stone castles and buildings, complete with towers, steeples, unusual windows, balconies and murals. For the next mile or so we floated on the river with this strange and wonderful architecture on both sides of us, finally passing the huge main castle of what we discovered was a fabulous Hearst estate. All the trouble of preparation and the long drive had now been repaid and had we stopped here we would have been satisfied. But on we went, the river becoming even more beautiful except for an area on one bank where loggers had fed upon the land. Actually later, their ugly roads, cut through the wilderness, saved us untold difficulties.



The storied grandeur of Hearst Estate

The river became even more difficult as we entered the first of two horseshoe bends and the rapids changed from continuous Class III to continuous Class IV, too much for heavily laden boats with no support cars and little repair material. We started a series of portages, made difficult by the heavy boats, timber and brush to the water's edge, and cold. I had forgotten to mention the cold, for the sun at this late season shone only about three hours because of the canyon's depth. The water was a spring-fed 40 degrees and even though we were dressed in skin divers' wet suits, our hands were almost too cold to grip the paddle.

We decided to camp and evaluate the situation. With some hot soup, our minds cleared. We had come about 12 miles of the "easier" water. A hike ahead showed a portage of a mile to runnable water again, but after the map indicated even more difficult stretches. We were at the end of the log roads, the point of no return. At our present rate it would take at least 5 days, and we had food and time off for three. We decided Queen McCloud had us licked and that we should hike out in the morning.

It was a cold night. Our light sleeping bags were hardly adequate so it felt good to start walking in the morning. We walked about 10 miles of logging roads back towards the town of McCloud, but the road terminated with a locked gate. It looked as if we might get out, but we saw little chance of getting the kayaks and gear out. We had one hope in that we had found a lumber company pick-up truck which might belong to a fisherman on his day off. We had left Roger behind to exploit this possibility.

As Maynard and I sat on a log discussing possibilities, we heard a car coming from

to page 4 col. 1

Hearst buildings were right at water's edge.

McCLOUD (Cont.)

the McCloud direction. It was an old carry-all which slid to a halt at the locked gate. As the cloud of dust and beer cans settled, we discovered it contained two very inebriated locals and their scared little dog. To us they were, above all, transportation. We explained our problem which I'm sure they understood not in the least, for in the next hour they asked us dozens of times how we had gotten there: "Na, not on the river" or "w'll w're all the damn boats?" The locked gates bothered these men not in the least for they were locals - "poachers" - the lumber men had stolen their forest. They knew every tree. We climbed aboard the truck in the back seat, made a U-turn through the ditch, and we were off. Soon we turned onto a side road, then a side trail, then no trail at all. The lumber people, to discourage such traffic, had felled trees across the way, but this didn't deter our friends in their trusty Chevvy at all. They simply went through the ditches, over tree trunks, and back on course with a big cheer. Maynard and I looked for a place to grab when it rolled over. Everything was loose, the seat just sitting on the floor. Maynard gave the sad little dog a gumdrop. We all three managed a dry smile. To add to our backseat discomfort, there was a shotgun resting on the front seat between our friends, and it was aimed at our stomachs. Fortunately we didn't know whether it was loaded, but the driver was having a " 'ell of a time driving when my elbow keeps getting mixed up in the gun all the time." Still there was no road as the truck leaped over fallen logs and through the trees with both sides scraping. Maynard and I focused our attention on the side mirror. We don't know to this day how it escaped being torn away or even cracked.

It was the longest 10 miles we've ever ridden. The driver would broadside into washouts as his companion cheered. We gave the dog another gumdrop. All true white-water enthusiasts believe it would be a terrible waste to die on the highway, and I believe it was this faith which saw us safely to our boats.

Much to our relief we found Roger had arrived ahead, with the kind pickup truck driver who really had been fishing on his day off. They had loaded the boats and it wouldn't take much of a transportation analyst to figure which vehicle we chose to ride to McCloud in.

- if the weather were warm, say early August, if you flew over it first in an airplane - if you allowed five days instead of three ....

The McCloud is a happy queen. Her only damage was a small loss of privacy, a little red, blue and orange paint scraped off on her rocks — and she's having a thrilling time dribbling that half a red paddle blade through the crystal clear waters toward Lake Shasta.

—Bryce Whitmore

BARBARA TILDEN NEW RTS CHAIRMAN

Barbara Tilden is the new chairman of the River Touring Section. She won a spirited but good-natured contest from Ray De Saussure — Maynard Munger having stepped out of the race because of his business committments.

Barbara, who has had one successful tour of this office before, paid tribute to last year's Chairman, Elsa Bailey, then pledged special attention to the Section's project for a major-league slalom and

Barbara Tilden (Cont.)

downriver competition in 1962. She stressed too her concern for the section's training program, which annually brings in numerous beginners and shapes them up for the ways of white water. —P.D.W.

FOR YOUR 1962 DATE BOOK

The 1962 Sierra Club Conference will be held in Santa Barbara on April 7-8, 1962.

This is something in which we can all take part, and the subject (The Sierra Club - the Trail Ahead) is a challenge to activity-minded members as well as to old-timers and conservation specialists. Watch your Bulletin and Chapter schedules and newsletters for information and plans which will bring members from all districts to Santa Barbara that weekend. C.M.C.

ATTENTION, SUBSCRIBERS

Several hundred postcards reminding you that a renewal of subscription is due are still outstanding from a heavy mailing in October and November. Make sure your postcard, if still on your desk, is returned soon with the $2.00 which will bring you the YODELER for next year. In December we shall pull out all overdue cards, and then—NO JANUARY YODELER. You don't want that to happen to you!

Just a reminder, too, that your change of address must be sent directly to Yodeler, as well as to the Sierra Club office.

Circulation Department

SCHEDULE SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER 30, 31, JANUARY 1: SNOW-SHOEING. Bradley Hut via the Powder Bowl. Ring in the New Year from the Sierra Crest. Snow or no snow, we go! Limited to 15 with enough stamina. Send $5.00 deposit to the leaders, Jim and Liz Knight, KE 4-8268

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HAUNTING MEMORIES

The Great Pumpkin has come and gone leaving only memories of another howlingly successful Sierra Club-Garfield Folk Dancers' Halloween party at Armstrong Grove on the Russian River ..... wonderful memories of clear crisp autumn weather ... of joyful reunions with old friends, of tender tasty steak enhanced with wine and enjoyed by pumpkin-light on cleverly decorated tables .... of singing after dinner to the accompaniment of several guitars and one ukelele, ... of folk dancing in the attractive recreation hall in Guerneville, and of a jolly tour of the Korbel champagne cellars on Sunday.

We'll remember remarks like:

"We're all singing in a different key!"

"Tell me, does it make you tiddly?" (This as wine was poured).

"You mean he's married! But he was a confirmed bachelor!"

"Whose baby is crying?" (This at 2 a.m.)

We'll recall with gratitude those who made such a good time possible: Harry Waterbury chairmanned the event and wishes to thank Sierrans Herb and June Sabel, Jane Luckham and Elizabeth Perry; and Garfielders Estelle and Ron Berkheimer (that sumptuous dinner!), Grover Salidi, Edna Spalding, Jack Sudall, and Eleanor and Al Hartzell and all the others who helped in many ways to make the party a success.

We'll remember the confirmed bachelors and bachelorettes who came with spouses, and in some cases, with children: the Howard Frohlichs and son, the newly wedded Bud Detjens, Margaret (Collings) and Emile La Crampe and baby; and Virginia (McKay) and Art Benson and their two babies.

To the fifty unlucky people who were turned away ... you missed a wonderful opportunity for meeting Sierrans active in sections of the Chapter other than your own, and for renewing old acquaintances. Put this event on your '62 calendar now! See you next year when it's time for the Great Pumpkin to come around again.

....Barbara Tilden

INVITATION TO ICE SKATING

The Skating Club of San Francisco invites members of the Sierra Club to come and skate three evenings without charge, (except rental fee for ice skates).

Beginning adult skaters meet every Tuesday from 6:00 to 7:45 p.m. at the San Francisco Ice Arena, 1557 48th Ave., San Francisco.

Intermediate skaters take part in a varied dance program with group instruction on Thursdays from 6 to 7:30 p.m. at Sutro's Ice Rink near the Cliff House.

Single members or groups are asked to make arrangements through:

Mrs. Ben Bearse, 24 Ashbury St., S.F., President. SK 2-5455

Mrs. Richard Webster, 812 Corbett Ave., S.F., Membership. AT 2-4561.

EAST BAY PARTY

On December 13, Wednesday, the East Bay Dinner group is planning their Christmas party. Ethel Rose Horsfall will again preside over this program which assures it will be a notable success. Meet at Willard Jr. High School, Telegraph and Ward, in Berkeley, at 6 p.m. for music. Dinner is at 6:30. Wear something appropriate for the season; bring a trimming for the tree; bring a gift (not over 50¢), Christmas wrapped and tied, with the donor's name INSIDE. There will be little children dinner servings with suitable dessert. Children of all ages are especially welcome to this meeting at which Santa Claus presides. Come join in the music and the spirit of the season.

RCS DINNER DANCE

Tickets to the annual Rock Climbing Dinner Dance on December 2 are now available at the Ski Hut, on local climbs, or from Rock Climbing Committee members. Everyone is welcome, old climbers, new climbers, tired climbers, and retired climbers. The fee is $2.00 per person. This includes cocktail conversation, dinner, Leigh Ortenburger's pictures, folk and social dancing.

No tickets will be sold after November 30 or at the door. The dinner dance will be held in the New Farm Bureau Hall in Clayton, (plenty of parking and plenty of privacy) 6:30 p.m. to ?????

—Helen Weisner

SNOW QUEEN BALL

The Bay Area Council Far West Ski Association's 15th Annual Sno Queen Ball will be held on December 2 at the Jack Tar Hotel, San Francisco.

Tickets at $2.50 per person are available from George Todoroff, Winter Sports B.A.C. Representative, 875 Post St., San Francisco, PR 5-9815, or Ken High, 2039 Broderick St., San Francisco, WA 1-1910.

WANTED: Volunteers to help handle film and slide distribution for Sierra Club from your home. Phone Bob Golden, at the Sierra Club Office, YU 2-2822.

GEORGE BALDWIN LEADS KNAPSACKERS

Twilight falls on an era of knapsacking with the resignation of chairman Doug Peterson. The dawn breaks and we find George Baldwin ready to accept the responsibilities and carry on in the years that lie ahead.

I would like to express my thanks to the committee, leaders and coordinators for their efforts. I urge you to give George the same cooperation and assistance and we will look forward to interesting trips with qualified leadership.

May the pure air, sparkling water, and warm sunshine beckon you to the alpine country, so take your knapsacks and follow the leaders wherever they choose to go.

—Doug Peterson

SNOW MUSEUM AUDUBON SERIES

The second season of Audubon Wildlife films at the Oakland Auditorium Theater is well advanced. There are three lectures to be heard yet: Emerson Scott, Thursday, Jaunary 18, 1962: "PICA COUNTRY", Laurel Reynolds, Wednesday, February 21, 1962: THE NEW WORLD REDISCOVERED" and Cleveland P. Grant, Wednesday, March 21, 1962: "LAND OF EARLY AUTUMN".

Single admissions are $1.00 for adults, half price for students. They are obtainable at the Snow Museum, 274 - 19th Street, Oakland 12, Califonia, or at the box office on the night of the program.

PHILIP TERRY TO SHOW MIDDLE EAST SLIDES

Members of the Sierra Club are invited to attend a program of 35mm Kodachrome slides to be presented by Philip Ferry at the California Academy of Sciences, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on Tuesday, December 19, 1961, at 8 p.m.

The program is entitled RECAPTURED GLORY and describes the work being done in many areas of the Old World to reconstruct some of the ancient cities of the Roman Empire. Mr. Ferry recently completed a tour of the Near East, the Middle East, and north Africa where he photographed the progress being made in restoring much of the grandeur of these once-magnificent communities.

Admission is complementary.

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THE BLACK KAWEAH AGAIN

....William E. Colby

Norman Clyde's fine article on his experiences with thunderstorms while on mountains in the Sierra reminded me vividly of the trip which he described and that of my own party, consisting of Dr. Wm. F. Bade, Dick Michaelis and myself. We had left the main Sierra Club camp at Five Lake Basin, at the head of the Big Arroyo, the evening before, and camped by the last timber just west and on the slopes of the Black Kaweah.

Getting an early start, we followed the route described in the Sierra Club Bulletin by James Hutchinson and Duncan McDuffie on the first ascent of the Black Kaweah. The steep chimney, leading straight up several hundred feet to the summit, was very hazardous to negotiate with any party of more than three persons because of the loose rocks of all sizes on every ledge and handhold. Climbers had to keep close together and on the alert at all times to see that dangerous slides were not started.

We three reached the summit and climbed up on the block which constituted the topmost pinnacle and enjoyed the warm sunshine and the magnificent view for upwards of an hour, when I noticed the wind from the south increasing and the temperature dropping. A huge and ominous black cloud was approaching. Soon, tiny spicules of ice could be seen, blown by the wind, and suddenly all the sharp points of the rocks about us began to sing with the streams of static electricity they began to give off. I told the others to get down off the summit as soon as possible. As we stood up, an electric discharge was felt by each of us, passing off from our heads with a distinct snap, and our hair was standing up - not from fright, however.

We found a wide shelf just below and to the north of the summit block, where we stood and backed up against a sheer wall as a shelter against the increasing gale from the south. We would have started down the steep chimney at once, but we could hear climbers coming up from below. If we had started down it would have meant almost certain death for some of them, so we waited in the hail and snowstorm which was raging until the party arrived. Then we started down the chimney. Already a sizable stream of water, resulting from the melting of the snow and hail on the rock that was still warm from the sunshine of the earlier morning, was beginning to cascade down the chimney, dislodging rocks of all sizes, which added to the hazard of the descent. We heaved a great sign of relief when we finally got down on the snowfield below and, looking back, could see and hear the muddy stream of water and rock that poured out of the bottom of the chimney, over a vertical cliff, onto the white snowfield we were on.

Only a few minutes after we left the Clyde party, when we were only part way down the chimney, we saw the flash of lightning that he described as hitting the top and, with it, came the most deafening peal of thunder that I have ever heard. We at once got into the safest places we could find, for the shock set off a shower of rocks from above.

Dr. Will Wright, an uncle of Cedric Wright, who afterwards became Director of Lick Observatory, and who was a member of Clyde's party, told me that on his way down, when he was out on the arete on one side of the chimney, where a vertical shelf directly across the chimney forces one to leave it, he slipped on the wet rock and fell on his back. He said the one thought that came into his mind was, "On which side of the arete am I going to fall to my death?" Fortunately, by use of elbows and feet he managed to stay on the narrow blade of rock and his companions got him back to safety.

Reprinted from the Southern Sierran.

STINSON HIKE

Twenty-nine hikers met at Mountain Home for a jaunt to Stinson Beach, prepared for rain as predicted by the weather man.

It was a glorious Fall day with tremendous views and beautiful cloud effects which we do not have often in the bay area.

Inspired by the weather the leaders made a varied trip of it, leaving by the Ocean View trail to Muir Woods where we stopped for coffee. We then took the Bootjack trail, the Ben Johnson upward and the Dipsea trail to Stinson Beach. Pauline added a bit of diversion with a short excursion into the woods off of the Dipsea trail giving us a bit of cross wountry work.

Famished, we arrived at Stinson Beach for lunch where we enjoyed a leisurely two hours before getting the Bolinas bus for the return home. All in all, it was a very satisfying day.

....Frieda J. Meyers

REDWOOD CHAPTER VIEWS PALISADES

The Calistoga Palisades, spectacular rock formations in the hills looking down on the upper Napa Valley, were viewed during the recent hike of Redwood Chapter on a bright Fall day.

The group met at the Calistoga Bus Depot, then followed the old Oat Hill Mine road through magnificent scenery to a lunch stop at the runis of an old inn where stage coach drivers once rested their horses while the passengers recovered from the rigors of the road. Clear spring water pouring out of the hillside quenched the thirst of the hikers.

Bob Stephens, mountaineering enthusiast, and Merrill Hugo, leader, pointed out the recreational possibilities of the Palisades, high volcanic rock wall which provides an excellent site for practicing climbing techniques as well as having scenic grandeur. Weird, gnomelike formations lined the roadway and deep ruts in the solid rock bore evidence to the stages and heavy wagons from the quicksilver mines which followed the route in times past.

Blue skies, autumn foliage and perfect hiking weather rewarded over 60 Sierra clubbers and guests.

—Anita Garrett

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